A STORY OF WAR AND WIRELESS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

CHAPTER XII.

HEN he gave a gasp of reface the situation.

It was at that moment that Ganley swung out with the oak-framed steamer chair, which he had already caught up as a weapon of defense.

caught up as a weapon of defense, which in his haste he had carried in with him, caught the rebellious passenger by the right arm, as though to drag him forth.

But one sweep of that huge right arm sent the mate stumbling and falling over the runns of the steamer chair. Capt. Yandel beheld that offense, and it left him no longer a reasoning being. His last instinctive sense of order and right had been outraged. He caught up the leather covered bridge telescope.

He heard it strike home; he heard falling over the runns of the steamer chair. Capt. Yandel beheld that offense, and it left him no longer a reasoning being. His last instinctive sense of order and right had been outraged. He caught up the leather covered bridge telescope. He swung it back and down, blindly, in a quickly shortening half-circle, bringing the huge cylinder of glass and steel sharply down on Ganley's head, close behind the thick, red ear.

"Get 'im out o' here!" raged the infuse over his body; he saw the broken dumb-bell, covered with rusted candumb-bell, covered with rusted candumb bell with rusted candumb bell with rusted candumb bell with rusted candumb bell with rusted woman screamed again, and still again, as she saw him stoop and

again, as she saw him stoop and catch it up.

'It was not until the great apelike arm of the gun-runner brought the dumb-bell crashing down on the operating table that she realized her mistake, that his actual intention flashed through her. His fury now was not being directed toward Mc Winner. It was the instrument that he was attacking. His second blow fell on the "key" itself, tearing the heavy metal isver free from its binding post.

He stood rooted to the spot for a metal lever free from its binding post.

He had fust caught it up and flung it mailgnantly out through the cabin window, whirling out into the sea, when she first shot went wild. Before its bad time for a second Garley

Her first shot went wild. Before she had time for a second, Ganley had wheeled about and sprung on her through the smoke-filled air. The huge forty-four Colt seemed too heavy for her, beyond her strength, for she had no second chance of using it, as she knew she should have. But she caught at him and clung to him, blindly, panting, and screaming, aloofness, since the quiet evening he wondering why no one came. She she caught at him and clung to him, blindly, parting, and screaming, wondering why no one came. She clung and clawed at him like a cat, until, under the sheer fury of that attack, he had to take thought to defend himself. He fell back a step or two, and the movement sent them both falling over the broken steamer chair, grotesquely, foolishly. But not for a moment did the woman cease, to fight and scream. The sound of it sell seemed to sting the dazed McKinnon into a consciousness of what was going on. He dragged himself up to a sitting posture; but before he could struggle to his feet Capt.

Yandel and an officer from the bridge he could struggle to his feet Capt.
Yandel and an officer from the bridge key.
Were in the cabin. He saw them tearing and dragging at Ganley's great limbs. He saw the white and panting and dishevelled group once upright, each shaking and facing the other. Then for the first time he saw his dismantled apparatus.

"What's this shooting on my ship?"

"What's this shooting on my ship?"

"What's tries to kill me!" cried operator of the Princeton is at his responder, as though the sense it appealed to were vision and not sight. "They've been waiting for me to relate, this message out, we'll have three houndred American blue jackets up in Guariqui inside of two days. We can have a banana train filled with machine guns climbing up through those hills and every rebel in Locombant the first faintest gray tinge of morning, deepening slowly to pear!

The first faintest gray tinge of morning, deepening slowly to pear!

nair-breed fillbusters: You garlic-eating outlaws! You murderin', slavedrivin' tin-horn conspirators! Get out
of here, you filmflam beach-combers!
Get out of my sight! Get down to
your cabins and stay there until
you're put ashore at Puerto Locomhis, or by the living God, if you so

much as show a nose outside your doors, I'll clap the whole lot o' you into irons and carry you back to New

York harbor!"

The Captain turned to McKinnon,
"Have you picked up anything
about fightin' in there?" he demanded,
with his guttural obligate of mariner's caths. "Or have you been too
taken up yith your own figuri?"

"I've picked up nothing," was Mc-

"I've picked up nothing," was McRinnon's answer.
"Then why can't you get Guariqui?"
The ship's master was still slow in
grasping the situation.
"I tell you we're cut off from everything! My responder's gone!"
"Can't you fix it?"
"Not unless there's a De Forest responder brought aboard from Puerto
Locombia."
"Can't you shift without it?"

'Can't you shift without it?" "No more than you can live without a heart."
The captain turned on the strangly

lief, and fell back, slowly drawing himself upright as a weapon of defense, up as a weapon of defense, with the cast and are and as a weapon of defense.

The captain turned on the strangly placid-eyed and listening Ganley. The string fraction are renewed ecstacy of anger. "Get out o' here!" he cried at Ganley, in his arbitrary rage. "Get out o' here!" he cried at Ganley in his arbitrary rage. "Get out o' here!" he cried at Ganley in his arbitrary rage. "Get out o' here!" he cried at Ganley in his arbitrary rage. "Get out o' here!" he captain turned on the strangly in his arbitrary rage. "Get out o' here!" he capt

KINNON looked down at the

He stood rooted to the spot for a moment, petrified by the new thought that had come to him.
"It's not hopeless!" Le cried exultantly. "It can be done! The models! My telephony models! They

Duren's men all here. Shut up in city waiting cartridge shipment. Light skirmishas last two days. Ulioa held De Brigard back all yesterday, but had to fall back on city at night. Short of ammunition. We are shut in. De Brigard's forces surrounded city at daybreak. Courier reports rebels bringing down machine guns up through hills, from Sanibella. We must have help before guns join bombardment. Carbines are picking at my aerials from Paraiso Hill, to the east. Can you get Chilean battleships two days off Puerto Locombia or

They're Off!

By Robert Minor Street Complete Heard in The Cumin



British ship out of Kingston? Must have help. Relay call to anything in reach. Duran's au-thority. Or if Chilean or Brit-ish marines can be landed in time advise them to push in by way of Boracao. American Con-sul Klauser shut up there hold-ing wireless with Kilvert, United Fruit operator, but report bad sending. Is only disaffected town outside capital. Entrain there. Must hurry. Her hungry eyes rushed back and

forth along the second sheet which McKinnon had thrust into her hand: Can get Princeton. Some one from God's country. Must hurry. Yes, President and Cabinet safe.

"What's this shooting on my ship?"
soared the Captain.
"That cat tried to kill me!" cried Ganley, breathing short and quick.
The woman struggled to speak, but the Captain gave her no attention. His eye for the first time had fallen on McKinnon leaning against the cashin wall, with a little trickle of less of the manner of his operator. McKinnon's senses had come back to him by this time.

"What's this mean?" he demanded of his answer. Then he dropped wearily into his chair, showed along the eastern sky-line hed completed his task. Then he signalled the Princeton. And, the locked up at the woman with a strangely transfiguring smile on his strangely transfiguring smile on his ashe, flung from an open porthole of ling at once. I've got to make one hold back, if I can reach him. If not, if ye got to try to tune him out!"
His voice was cut off by the familian.

"He's killed our wireless! Our wire
bian under cover!"

The first faintest gray tinge of again cannonaded his answer. Then he dropped wearily into his chair, with the sim-he dropped wearily into his chair, wiped the sweat from his face and remembered that he was not alone. He looked up at the woman with a strangely transfiguring smile on his strangely transfi

Sections around the contract that the section of the contract the contract that the

up in smoke there!"

to be held here. They are sending a and handed it back to her.

McKinnon, under the rocking awn- detachment of soldiers to watch the "Have you ever learned to use it?"

the hot sum of the late afternoon, oners, inside their dead line."

growing wonder.

switch. She heard him quietly turn She threw the starting-lever back, tered against the wood of the very the key in the cabin door. She knew, threw the speed out full, and crouched box against which he leaned. He as she stood with her hand on his low in the bottom of the car front, held his breath and waited, rocking sleeve, that he was listening and She knew that somebody was cluband swinging onward toward the waiting until they passed and died bing at the seat above her with a moving lights.

away toward the bow of the ship, musket end. She could hear the

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By Robert Ames Bennet

Then he noiseleasiy opened the door and drew her out after him into the blackness of the baimy, musky-odored midnight air.

CHAPTER XV.

They crept across the deck, hand in hand, to where the shadowy outlines of one of the lifeboats blocked their path. They slipped in under the bow of this lifeboat, groping their way to the davit, where the ship's rail ended. Before them was a drop of six feet, from the ship's deck to the stringplece of the pier, against which the rusty side plates were created and grounder.

Then he noiseleasiy opened the door and the alarm. Then she closed her eyes, and crouched lower, for she knew the car way.

It had some fifteen or sixteen feet of headway before it struck the huge pine door that harred the tracks. There was a sudden rending and spiniting of wood, and the car had spiniting of wood, and the door like a hound through a paper hoop.

McKinnon swung up beside her as the down. He was a stride her body almost, fighting and panting, for a swarthy-faced Locombian was on the cartridge boxes, and crouched lower, for she knew the car way.

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